You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shrieke where mounting larks should sing
Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?
North. Sorrow and griefe of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.
King. Faire Cosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Cosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Cosin is it so?
Bull. Yea my good Lord.
King. Then I must not say no. *Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter the Queene with her
Que. What sport shall we deui
To driue away the heauie though
Lady. Madam weele play at bo
Que. Twill make me thinke th
And that my fortune runnes agai
Lady. Madam weele daunce.
Que. My legs can keepe no m
When my poore heart no measur
Therefore no dauncing girle, son
Lady. Madam weele tell tales,
Que. Of sorrow or of griefe?
Lady. Of either Madam.
Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogither wan
It doth remember me the more o
Or if of griefe, being altogither s
It addes more sorrow to my wante
For what I haue I neede not to re
And what I want it bootes not to
Lady. Madam ile sing.
Que. Tis well that thou hast c
But thou shouldst please me bette
Lady. I could weepe Madam, w
Quee. And I could sing would
And neuer borow any teare of the
But stay, heere commeth the Gar
Lets step into the shadow of these
My wretchednesse vnto a row of p
They will talke of state, for euery
Against a change woe is fore-runn
Enter Gardiner,
Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon d
Which like vnruly children make
Stoope with oppression of their p
Giue some supportance to the ber
Goe thou, and like an executioner

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